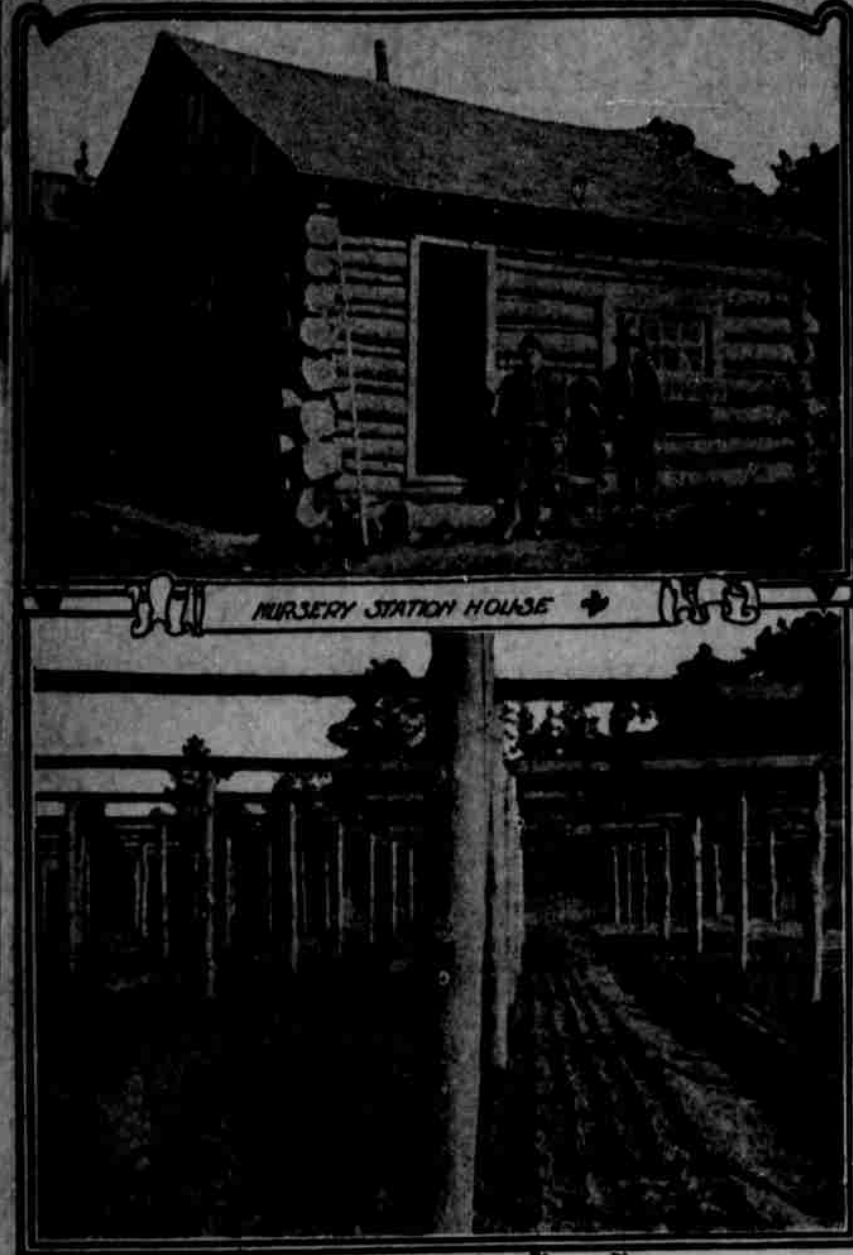


Forest Experiment Stations



ROW OF YELLOW PINE SEEDLINGS

THE government is now carrying on investigative work at regular forest experiment stations similar to the agricultural experiment stations in the different states. The first forest experiment station created in this country was the Coconino experiment station at Flagstaff, Ariz., established last summer. Investigations covering many phases of forestry in the southwest have already been undertaken at this station. The second forest experiment station has been established this year on Pike's Peak, Colorado.

The need for such stations becomes apparent when the long time necessary for handling forest experiments is considered. In agricultural experiments definite results can usually be obtained in one or at most a few years; in forestry, because of the long time required for trees to develop, scores of years are often required to complete a single experiment.

All experimental work is conducted under the direction of men who have had thorough training in technical and practical forestry. Every experiment has a direct bearing upon some problem which vitally concerns the management of the forest. Every experiment will be pursued until conclusive results are obtained, and every man conducting investigative work will be given an opportunity to put his recommendations to the test in actual field work. Under this system every new plan can be thoroughly tried before being put into practice on a large scale, and thus the injury resulting from mistaken practices can be minimized.

The greatest technical problem which now confronts the forester in handling the great pine forests of Arizona and New Mexico is that of establishing a new stand of trees to replace the old timber which is cut off. This was the first problem undertaken by the Coconino experiment station. Much valuable information regarding the factors influencing natural reproduction has already been secured, but many years of systematic study will be required to fully solve the problem. The feasibility of artificial regeneration by planting and sowing is also being tested. The latter experiments, for the sake of economy, are being conducted on the smallest scale which will insure reliable results applicable to general conditions. The plans for the near future provide for a detailed study of the problems concerning the natural and artificial regeneration of other commercial trees, such as Douglas fir, Engelmann spruce and the junipers.

Tests will be made of trees introduced from other regions, with the view of finding other species adapted to planting in this region, which are superior to the native trees.

One important problem which will occupy much attention at the experiment station for a number of years is the determination of the rate of growth of immature trees left on an area after logging. In scientific forestry, as practiced in many European countries, every tract of timber is so handled as to yield a perpetual supply of material, harvested at regular intervals.

In order to establish such a system of management, it is necessary to know for each area logged how soon it is practicable to return for a second cut, and the yield which can be expected at that time; and in order to do this, it is necessary to determine how fast trees of different ages grow after the mature timber has been removed. These data will be secured by periodic measurements of all trees on typical cut-over areas on different forests in Arizona and New Mexico. During the

present season experiments to determine the influence of thinning upon the rate of growth and the quality of timber produced by the remaining trees will be initiated.

Attention is also being given to the improvement of the range. An attempt will be made to introduce valuable forage plants on portions of the range on which the native vegetation is sparse or of an inferior quality. Experimental sowings of Kentucky bluegrass, timothy, red top and brome grass have already been made, and other forage plants will be tested from time to time. A collection is being made of all herbs, shrubs and trees found on the national forests, together with notes on their forage or wood producing value. "The total cut of national forest timber during the year was nearly 460,000,000 board feet, of which over 100,000,000 feet were given away under free-use permits," says the secretary of agriculture in his last annual report, which has just been made. The timber acquired under free-use permits was used by settlers, schools and churches within the forests. The secretary says that the receipts from timber sales were about \$700,000, and continues:

"Free use of timber was heaviest in Idaho, with over 18,000,000 board feet, followed by Montana, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, with amounts ranging from nearly 17,000,000 to less than 10,000,000 feet. California, Wyoming and Oregon had each a free-use cut of between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 feet. The remaining national forest states follow with lesser amounts."

"Of the timber cut under sales, Montana furnished nearly 86,000,000 feet, or 24 per cent.; Colorado 44,000,000 feet, or 13 per cent.; California, 39,000,000 feet, or 11 per cent., and Idaho, 35,000,000 feet, or 10 per cent. These amounts correspond to the following percentages of the estimated stand of national forest timber in each state: For Montana, three-tenths of one per cent.; for Colorado, four-tenths of one per cent.; for California, four hundredths of one per cent.; for Idaho, one-tenth of one per cent. In other words, the cutting is far within the growth capacity of the forests."

Sudden Riches.
Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that if we were suddenly to attain great riches, we could throw aside all consideration for our fellow-beings in a mad rush to rise?

What is the height to which we would attain? If it be merely position—the top step of the ladder of social standing—the reaching of it will no doubt blind us to all else. It would seem that this is one height from which the aspiring human fails utterly to see the plane below.

Arrival on the top step of this new and ill-built ladder seems to blunt the sensibilities of the climbers, to dry up the last drop of the milk of human kindness.

If the comparative poverty of the present were to store up within us a lasting charity for our fellow-men and women, let us pray that our descent be somewhat long drawn out; that our arrival at the top be even longer delayed.

Enlightening.
Ostend (reading Russian dispatch)—Pa, what is the Finnish diet?
Pa—Finnish diet? Guess it must be fish, my son.

After all, the kind of world one carries about within one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.—Lowell.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Eloquence Burned at Stake in Senate



WASHINGTON.—Oratory, when enthroned in the United States senate, holds doubtful sway. Let this be a warning to the young person who is training himself in the forensic art expecting some day to make the halls of the nation resound with eloquence until the listening throng with one accord is roused to action.

It doesn't happen. There is something wrong about the tradition that oratory sways. The senators can listen to oratory all day and remain pulseless as so many fish. Either oratory is not comprehended as it should be or the senate lacks red corpuscles.

For example, Senator W. B. Heyburn of Idaho recently was seen to rise and utter a perfectly good broadside of eloquence. It was that noted speech in which he unfurled the star spangled banner over the matter of lending federal tents to the United Confederate veterans for their next reunion. It was a gem of a speech—one that would have won a gold medal in 1861. But the remainder of the senate, callous and unpatriotic, did not enthuse. Indeed, as the proud ensign was stowed back into its black oilcloth case after Mr. Heyburn had flung it, there was not a moist eye in the house. Even the New England senators refused to become "hot" up over the "rebel" issue.

It came as a surprise, this battle-cry of freedom by Senator Heyburn. He is a handsome, impressive statesman, with a seat away up in front; also he is one of the most impressive tollers.

In the upper legislative chamber. He is always doing something in a plodding, showy manner. He can be seen at any time with documents on his desk. Nor is he like so many of your statesmen who place their whole happiness in smoking bulky cigars in the cloak room.

However, soon after he had risen to his feet and began his clarion enunciation, the galleries began filling with listeners, brought by the general alarm sent out that this day something at last was happening in the senate. He has a rich, melodious voice that is a treat to hear. His language is able, very. He employs correct gestures, and thumps on his desk with judgment and effect. He implored the senate not, oh, not to give recognition to the confederacy. He appealed especially to the patriots on his side of the house, whose party had saved the union from that period of error. He was vehement, but not unduly bitter. Things struggled within him for utterance, but he had calmly set his limitations. He would not wave the bloody shirt. But, by everything that was sacred, he urged that the old feeling, the old rancor, be not aroused in this manner. The terrible past, as pictured by him, should not at this late day be revived.

Amid a tense silence he sat down. The galleries craned forward, every heart beating. Would the senate now be torn by sectional strife?

It didn't even rip.

Everybody but Mr. Heyburn voted to let the United Confederates have what they wanted. The northern folks voted right along with the southern contingent. Even eagerly did they so vote. Mr. Heyburn's vote was the solitary recognition given the throbbing appeal from far off Idaho.

Thus was oratory martyred in the United States senate.

Now You Know What Whisky Really Is



THE question "what is whisky" finally has been answered officially and President Taft's decision has been formulated in a set of regulations prepared by the pure food board of the department of agriculture.

"Weary Willie," when he meets "Lazy Tom" along the roadside and stops to take a swig out of his bottle, will not care whether it is whisky according to the presidential ruling or not, just as long as it tastes like the real stuff and has the same effect, but the man who buys it in bottles or over the bar can see the government label which will hereafter be found on all packages.

In brief, the regulations declare that all unmixed spirits distilled from grain, prepared in the customary ways, are entitled to the name "whisky" without qualification. Blended whisky must be labeled as such.

The term "whisky," however, is restricted to distillates from grain, and under the regulations distillates from other substances, if labeled "whisky," are misbranded and the person guilty of misbranding may be prosecuted. The regulation follows:

"Under the food and drugs act of June 30, 1906, all unmixed distilled spirits from grain, colored and flavored with harmless color and flavor, in the customary ways, either by the addition of caramel and harmless flavor, if not potable strength and not less than 80 proof, are entitled to the name whisky without qualification.

"If the proof be less than 80, that is, if more water be added, the actual proof must be stated upon the label and this requirement applied as well to blends and compounds of whisky.

"Whisky of the same or different kinds, that is, straight whisky, rectified whisky, re-distilled whisky, and neutral spirits whisky or like substances and mixtures of such whiskies, with or without harmless color flavors used for purposes of coloring and flavoring only, are blends under the law and must be so labeled."

Beau Brummel Collects Old Milk Bill



THE maids and butlers of Washington's finest residential districts are well trained, but sometimes even they fail to discriminate. A story is told of a milkman who had a great deal of trouble in collecting his bills at a certain aristocratic house. The lady of fashion put him off over and over again and absolutely refused to see him in person—as a milkman.

Money is as essential in dispensing the lacteal fluid as in other lines of business, so the milkman resorted to strategy. A few days after his latest unanswered appeal, a man arrayed in the latest style of fall suit, with dashing diamond studs in a snow-white shirt bosom, hands neatly gloved and carrying a cane, walked up the steps

of the residence of the delinquent milk purchaser. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the mistress of the house was at breakfast. Looking out before opening the door—some Washington hall doors are provided with a ventilator-like "lookout" like those of Philadelphia—the maid failed to recognize the milkman, divested of his overalls. Opening the door, on hearing his modest request for Mrs. So-and-So, she at once ushered him in and took his card to her mistress. He waited a trifle awkwardly, perhaps—in the hall, but was upheld by the stern justice of his errand. The lady of the house arrived.

"Yes?" she said, questioningly. "What can I do for you?"

"The amount of this, if you please, madam," said he, presenting the obnoxious bill.

Whatever the lady may have thought of the improvised Beau Brummel, the bill was promptly paid. There were no lingering farewells, but the milk account in that house was always taken care of to date after that.

Capitol Messenger Didn't Know Aldrich



FUNNY things happen, even in the corridors of the capitol in Washington, among those men who have been longest there. One of the messengers at the capitol is John P. Hamlin, who for more than 30 years has been messenger about the senate corridors. The other day Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was positively held up in the corridors and refused admission to the elevator by a messenger who had served the United States senate longer than Senator Aldrich has. Mr. Hamlin, who is very old

and does not see any too well, said: "Are you a senator?" squaring himself across the entrance to the elevator which is used only by United States senators.

"Yes," said Mr. Aldrich, entering into the spirit of the situation and hesitating a moment.

"Must be a new one," said Mr. Hamlin, talking more to himself than Mr. Aldrich.

"Well, hardly that," said Mr. Aldrich, chuckling. "My name is Aldrich."

The poor old messenger almost fell in his tracks, and Senator Aldrich for almost the first time in his life laughed out loud.

Poor Messenger Hamlin will hardly recover from his panic. He is past 80 years of age, and was foreman of the jury that convicted Galt of the assassination of Garfield.

Two Spooks and a Man

By GEORGE A. S. CARSON

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The village of Eastonville, containing about 700 inhabitants, was sometimes referred to as "Widowville." There were seven widows there, and four of them had been made such by one single calamity.

There were those in the town who said that each and every one of these widows would marry again if she had the chance, and after all this was no libel on them. Why not remarry if they could find good husbands? It is woman's destiny to marry. It may be her destiny to marry two or three times.

When Silas Watkins sold his farm and moved into Eastonville he was the only "catch" in town. He was a bachelor of 35; he had money; he was not a bad-looking man. The seven widows, the four old maids and the two marriageable girls in town began to take notice. Why not? It is the duty of woman to marry to the best advantage. As a farmer, Mr. Watkins had lived alone. As a villager, he rented a house and took his meals at another, thus preserving bachelor quarters.

It was the widow Smith who made the first move. Mr. Watkins established a grocery. She made her purchases there. She also extended her congratulations; likewise her invitation to run in any evening and make himself perfectly at home; also to sit in her church pew of a Sunday until he had rented one of his own; also, to look out for other widows and not find himself with a breach-of-promise suit on hand.

The widow Stevens came next. She had heard of the purchases made by the widow Smith, and she bought twice as much and talked twice as long. She offered to sew on buttons or darn socks, and to send her daughter over to make his bed and sweep up. She realized his lonely condition and pitied him.

Then, one by one, the other widows dropped in, and the old maids followed after, and the two girls met Mr. Watkins in the street, and blushed and giggled. Within a month, however, the field was left to the widows Smith and Stevens. It was tacitly agreed that none of the others stood a show. For a wonder, they were not a bit jealous of each other, but continued to be the best of friends. Their motto was: "May the best man win." They even went over, arm in arm, and sat on the doorstep with the grocer in the twilight of a summer's evening. Together they dusted his furniture and made tidies and pin cushions for him.

Mr. Watkins had intended to marry when the right woman came along. He was pleased with his reception at Eastonville. He was gratified at the large and select stock of matrimonial candidates on hand. The only trouble lay in the making up of his mind. He took supper with one widow and then with the other, and as far as the public could see he treated both alike.

When things had gone on most pleasantly for three months both widows happened to call at the store at the same time. In his gossip with them the grocer mentioned that he had sold his farm because a spook had appeared one night and advised him to do so. The widows laughed, but he was very much in earnest.

"That's a pointer for me," said the widow Smith as she left the store.

"I now see my way clear," said the widow Stevens as she also left.

The cutest kind of a stock broker wouldn't have caught on to that spook business, but two widows did, and the very next night it was acted on. The widow Smith had only to climb two back fences to bring up in the back-orchard's back yard. Then it was a matter of a moment to pose herself before his open bedroom window. She had a pillowcase drawn over her head and a sheet pinned around her. When all was ready she stilled her bounding heart and called the sleeping Mr. Watkins by his first name. He bounded out of bed and stuck his head out of the window and asked who was there.

"Silas, I am a spook!" answered a muffled voice.

"Yes, yes."

"And I have come to advise you again."

"Shall I sell my grocery?"

"No; I have come to advise you not to marry the widow Stevens. She is not the woman to make you real happy. You should marry, but take the widow Smith."

"Mebbe she won't have me," replied Silas.

"I am a spook. I know her mind."

"By gum, but I'll do it."

And he would have done so within twenty-four hours but for a very singular circumstance. An hour had passed since the spook faded away and Silas was wide awake and thinking, when he got a second call, and there was spook No. 2.

"Silas," said a muffled voice after a moment, "I told you to sell your farm."

"Yes, you are the one," he replied.

"And now I have come to tell you to get married."

"Yes, I'm going to."

"And to warn you not to marry the widow Smith. She cannot make you as happy as the other. I refer to the widow Stevens."

"But the other spook—"

"Silas, obey me! I came from the misty shades. I know all. When I was on earth, a breathing, living being, I

was your grandmother. Obey and all will be well!"

The spook floated away into the darkness and Silas drew in his hand, dressed himself and sat up the remainder of the night. If only one spook had appeared his course would have been clear; the appearance of two, and each laying a different command on him, mixed him up. It seemed to him that the word of his grandmother's spook should be taken first, but the other had been meant in kindness as well, and he was in a quandary.

Perhaps two widows waited for a call that evening, but they received none. Silas retired early, thinking that perhaps a third spook might appear and suggest a way out of the difficulty. At midnight, when the village was as quiet as a graveyard, and even the crickets in the grass were catching cat-naps, two spooks started to roam the earth at the same moment. They both came out of back doors; they both climbed back fences; they both looked and floated along like genuine ghosts. Had the village parson, who was a strong anti-spook man, met one of them he would have gone down on his knees.

Hist! Both spooks made for the back yard of the house wherein Silas Watkins is sleeping. They come from opposite directions. They are making for the open bedroom window. They float over the wet grass and the patches of burdock, and now only a peach tree hides them from each other. Ten seconds later, they step out and are face to face. What bounded the grocer out of bed was two fearful screams that screamed as one—and as he thrust his head from the window he saw the forms of two spooks lying prone on the grass. Spook had met spook, and both had fainted away.

Of course, the man dressed and lighted a lantern and hurried out. It was an uncanny thing to go to the relief of a spook, but for the moment he was reckless. They turned into human forms under the light of the lantern, and when the hoods were pulled off he had no trouble in identifying his victims. Presently they sat up and looked at each other; then they looked at Silas. He assisted them to their feet and helped them over the fence, and no explanations were asked or offered. How can a spook be asked to explain? How can a spook enter into a long-winded explanation, when her feet are wet and a damp sheet is giving her shivers?

That evening Silas Watkins called on one of the marriageable girls and asked her to become Mrs. Watkins, and she said she would.

Canada's Satisfactory Growth.

The statistics of trade and industry for the year recently closed, made public by the Canadian government, shows that Canada has recovered in a striking manner from the depression of two years ago. The bank clearings reached the enormous total of \$5,189,994,363, an increase of 21 per cent. over 1908, while the new buildings erected during the season approximate \$60,000,000, a gain of \$20,000,000 over the preceding year. During the year 190,000 immigrants entered the dominion, of whom 90,000 came from the United States, most of them with capital. In 1908 the immigrants numbered 151,000, of whom 59,000 were from the United States. The crops of the prairie provinces yielded a total of \$34,117,864 bushels of wheat, oats, barley and flax, as compared with 243,206,915 in 1907. During the last ten years Ontario has increased in population, 447,000; Quebec, 450,000; Manitoba, 215,000; Saskatchewan and Alberta, 510,000; maritime provinces, 145,000, and British Columbia, 115,000, making the total population of Canada 7,250,000.

Decrease in English Farming.

In the records of present-day conditions of an English village in Somersetshire, described by Miss M. F. Davis, it is stated that the population had dwindled down to 824 in 1901, which is less than half of the number 70 years earlier, and at present "if a cottage stands empty it is usually allowed to fall into ruin." Of the 230 households, 57.7 per cent. are classified as agriculturists. It is further stated that the 165 cottages contain 689 rooms and are inhabited by 634 persons; presumably the latter figure is that of the present population, and if so the decrease since the last census is strikingly large. The main part of the land "is now laid down to grass," and of 3,056 acres in 1904 only 512 were returned as arable.—Farm and Home.

Awakening of the East.

After centuries the near east is in the world's race for growth and progress. Port Said, 50 years ago a small Arab camp, now has a population of 50,000. From one hut, in 1830, Piraeus has grown to 80,000, Merseine, not in existence when Ibrahim Pasha anchored his fleet where it now stands, has 22,000; Beirut has multiplied 6,000 inhabitants into 150,000, Gaza increased from 2,000 in 1840, with small growth till 1887, to 48,000 in 1907.

Dull Outlook.

Teacher—I want to impress upon your young minds never to strike the first blow.
Jimmie—in dat case I don't see how we are ever goin' to have any scraps.